SAINT HILLARIES TEARES,

SHED UPON ALL PROFESSIONS

From the Iudge to the petty Fogger.

From the ſpruce Dames of the Exchange, to the durty walking Ironmongers.

From the Coven-Garden Lady of Inſculty, to the Turnebal-ſtreete-Truls, and indeed from the Tower-ſtairs to Wiſtminſter Party.

For want of a ſtirring Midſummer Terme,

This yeare of Diſaſters, 1642.

Written by one of his Secretaries that had nothing elſe to do.

LONDON,
Prinred for N. V. and I. B. 1642.

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LONDON,
Printed for N. N. and I. B. 1672.

SAINT HILLARIES TEARES.

WHat? *Middsomer?* How comes it then the Sunne, and Moone, of Gold and Silver, which had wont to dispersé their radiant luster with greater brightnesse, and consolation then thosé that shine i'th Zodiacke, have now withdrawne their splendor, and left us in this Cimmerian night of small takings? A Terme so like a vacation? you would take them to be the *Gemini*, which constellation never appeares but out of darknesse, There is no plague to fright away the Termers, unlesse it be that plague of plagues, want of trading, which their money would easily cure.

At *Westminster Hall* wherein pristine ages you might without offence shoulder a Lord to get through the presse, now you may walke in the same posture a Justice of peace doth in his owne great Hall at the examination of a Delinquent, play with your bandstrings, and twist your beard with the same gravity, and not an elbow-rub to disturbe you, The Benchers better halfe empty, and thosé few Judges left, have time enough to get a nap, and no noisé to awake them, The barre that had wont to swell with a fivefould row of listed gownes, where the favorites in the front imbursd more Fees then would supply an Army, and the rest (by Lady) had good doings, a motion or a short cause to open, are now so empty that boyes may peepe over them, The surly Tipstaves and messengers whom your best Oratory, and money to boote, would hardly perswade to admit you within the bench-roome, stands looking over the dore as it were through a Pillory, to aske you Sir shall I open? and for the teaster you give him, kisses his hand and scrapes you a leg, as fawningly, as a hungry Spaniell takes a bone from his master, The Lawyers in stead of perusing the breviates, and red-

ing the matter in question to Cases, now buying up all the pamphlets, and dispersing themselves into Corners to reade them, thereby to keepe their tongues in ure, lest the faculties of brawling should be dried up with unwilling silence.

The prime Court the *Chancery*, (wherein the Clerks had wont to dash their clients out of countenance with long dashes, The examiners to take the depositions in Hyperboles, and round about Robin-hood circumstances, with saids and aforesaids to enlarge the number of sheets, The Registers to whom you used to come, in the same equipage as if you had a suit to the Councell board, and had this ready answeare, well you must waite till the latter end o'th terme) now as silent as a *Puritan* conventicle when the lights are out, no waiting, no Hyperboles, no Dashes, nor any imployment, towards maintenance of Taffata, Sack, Wenches, and other the usuall prodigalities, and luxuries, whereunto the Gentlemen that practise there are addicted. That Court that hath beene knowne to decree pro, reveiw, and decree Con, hath the Bar now empty of Pro's, and Con's, no wrangling, no noyse but the lamentation of my Lords escape.

The Court of *Requests* to whom so many thousands of loyall, faithfull, and obedient Subjects have come humbly complayning, and shewing, can shew you at this present no subject but his owne humble complaint, you that knew it when the necessity of over great imployment, caused it to double the number of its Clarkes, and they to treble theirs, when it was solicited by petitions as numberlesse as Hops, or Ants, which all her Welsh kindred had brought two hundred and twelve and and twenty miles, to get admitted in *Forma pauperis*, and thereby enabled to doe more mischiefe then the best purs't Clyents in *England*, would wonder how it should tumble from such a throng, to such a vacation of imployment, That that Court that hath made two hundred Orders in one cause, should be in danger not to have one cause to Order, It is me thinks a lamentable change.

The Ministers of the Court of Wards, doe all weare mourning liveries in their faces, as if Fate had granted out writs in the nature of a *Diem clausit extremum*; after the death of *Feoda multa*, to find their Offices for *Vacua plurima*, And of all Courts else the *Chequers* must needs come within the limitation of this calamity, because they stand so much for the King, and in that predicament is the Kings *Bench*, marry if any thrive it must needs be the *Common Pleas*, for as the times goe nothing stands stiffe, but what pertaines to the Commons, and yet they meete with revolts too as well as the rest.

On both sides of the Hall they complaine, At Heaven they say there's not a Lawier nor Clerke comes neere them: And at hell where they had wont to flock like Swallowes to a Reede bush, they come but dropping in now and then one, as apportunity of businesse makes them able, the Coaches which had wont to rumble up and downe as they would chalenge Heaven to thunder for a wager, and did use to lie in the Pallace yard, and before the Innes of Court gates, like so many Busses, or fleetes of fisherboats in harbour, pearing over the haven keyes, now seeme like westerne Barges on the *Thames* at a high tide, here and there one.

And you are no sooner out of the Hall-yard but entring into Kings streete, you finde the Cookes leaning against the Dore-postes, ruminating upon those Halcion Termes, when whole herds of Clerks, Solicitors and their Clyents, had wont to come with their sharpe-set noses, and stomacke, from the Hall, and devoure the Puddings, and minc't Pyes by dozins, as swiftly as a kennell of Hounds would worry up a dead Horse, And now the Courts are risen before they are hungry, The Tavernes, where an Iron Mill would hardly have drown'd the noise of the yawling boyes, the Bar-bell, the fidling, and roreing above staires, now so silent you may rock a child asleepe: The spruce Mistris that had wont to sit in the Bar, domineering over the Drawers, and not to be spoken withall if you would kisse her arse to speake with her, now so familiar, bids you so heartily welcome, and will come and joyne her halfe pint with yee, and let you salute her, and thanke you, And thinke it very well if all that courtesie will invite you to mount the reckoning to a pottle, The Ale-houses and Tobacko-shops are growne sweete for want of takings, you may walke by them without danger of being choack't.

All along the strand, (lodgings being empty) you shall finde the house-keepers generally projecting where to borrow, and what to pawne, towards payment of their quarters rents, thereby to preserve their Leases from forfeiture, and themselves, from the tyranny of their sterne Landlords, who are very infidells in trusting, and will not forbeare a minute; Nay the mischiefe on't is, there are no Courtiers nor bad paymaisters to curse, and raile at for want of money, and that's the heaviest torment of all.

If you step aside into *Coven-Garden*, long *Acre*, and *Drury Lane*, where those Doves of *Venus*, those Birds of youth, and beauty, (the wanton Ladies) doe build their nests, you shall finde them in such a dump of amazement, to see the hopes of their trading frustrate, their

beauties decaied for want of meanes to procure *Pomatum*, and *Fucus*, Their eyes which like glistering comets had wont to dazle their Idolaters, now shadowed with clowds of griefe, their golden tresses which had wont to flag about their shoulders, like so many ensignes in *Cupides* Regiment, and every haire thereof had a servant or visitant, which did superstitiously dote on it, now for want of curling, and ordering growne to the fashion of an Irish rugge, And what a misery it is to see the Velvets, Sattins, and Taffaties, nay the curious smockes, sent to the brokers, and the whole wardrope that was purchast with so large a proportion of free favours, and communities, now reduc't to one pore nifted holland suit? It is not pitty to see them (pore soules) who had wont to shine like so many constellations in the Firmament of the suburbs, and be hurried in Coaches to the Tavernes, and Sparagus Gardens, where ten or twenty pounds suppers were but trifles with them, should now goe to the Chandlers, and herbe-wives in slip-shooes, for Cheese and Onions to dinner? Well content your selves, (you attractive Load-stones, of delicious and smooth damnation) And doubtlesse the Arch-angell my successor, will bring your angells to redeeme all, And your Champions and Cavaliers, will returne with their pockets doubly furnisht, for you are as sure of them as they are of your diseases, They are now but only purchasing, and laying up for you against their comming home, This dearth of traffique, is but a preparation to a large mart to follow, and this devowring winter of penury, doth but presage a lively spring in the hot blouds of the young Gallantry, which when it comes, you shall againe enjoy those blessings of Wine, musique, good clothes, money, and dainty fare, be enabled to pay your rayling Land-ladies, and defie the beadle with as much impudence, as ever you did.

Well from you, I must follow the steps of many an old Letcherous Citizen, and walke into *London*, where at the *Exchange*, the onely question that is ask't is what newes? not from *Aleppo*, *Constantinople* the *Straits*, or *Indies*, but from *Yorke*, *Ireland*, and the *Parliament*, the answer is, why the King is still obstinate, wee shall have all our throats cut, those Expicurean throats of ours are doom'd to be cut, for swallowing so many luxurious cates, we had neede to prick up our eares, and elevate our broad overgrown hornes for the safty of our selves estates and children, marry as for our Wives, they know well enough already, the danger of Courtiers, and Cavaliers, and therefore dare meete the roughest Gamester of them all in any posture whatsoever.

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From hence I travell to *Guild-Hall*, where I finde the Lawyers complaining of infinite numbers of Banckerouts, men so far decayed in estate, that they will compound to pay more then halfe, confesse judgments, render their bodies to prison, prostitute their wives, or any thing rather then stand out the prosecution of a suit at Law.

Then at the Halls of every severall Company, where in former ages, all the Elements would scarce afford variety, to please the ingenuous gluttony of one single feast, now you shall heare the meaner sort of Tradesmen, cursing those devowring Foxes, the Masters, and Wardens, for the infinite charge their insatiate stomackes do put them to; from hence goe to their particular shops, where there is nothing amongst the Tradesmen, but condoling the want of the Courtiers mony, and their wives and daughters almost distracted for want of their company, There are no upstart Gallants, to draw into their bookes, no yongb heires to exchange shopware for Lordships withall, nor any trading ut one with another, in which they are so familiarly acquainted with each others knaveries, that alas, their gaines are as good as nothing: And amongst them all that quintessence of unquestionable simplicity, the very spirit of villany, extracted out of all compounded villanies, That Masterpeece or Idea of dissimulation, which nature made her example to portraicture a Rogue by, the Roundhead, who had wont to eate and pray, for the propagation of the Brethren and Sisters, of the seditious faction, now is invoking of curses upon the malignant party, (the *Achitophells* as hee calls them of the Kings Counsell) hee sneakes into the corners of the City, and after a licking of his lipps, a spitting, and a casting up his ugly eyes towards the place hee is not worthy to looke at: hee whispers a tale through his rotten Nose, of a great danger that is falling upon the Kingdome, And strange discoveries of imminent mischieses, which had happened if by some providence towards the Brethren of the selected seditious, and for their sakes onely it had not beene prevented, And then at length he tells you, that if the Prince were but at Saint *James's*, there would be something done that Saint *Hillary* dares not repeate after him: This thin-jaw'd, illooking, hungry rascall, this bettle-brow'd, hollow-ey'd, longnos'd, wide-mouth'd cur: This carrion that stinckes worse then the corrupted River of *Egypt*, This Cockatrise that hath hatch't more Serpentine distempers, then all the grave wisdome of a pregnant Kingdome can pacifie, hath beene the sole cause of poore S. *Hillaries Teares*; Who would thinke that this Ideot, this Fathomlesse-bellyed, Thiroatted Snake should begin to hisse, and shew his sting

before

before the glorious splendor of those excellent no titles of our hopefull *Parliament*, could have leasure to disperse it selfe upon this harvest Kingdome, that this Owle, this Buzzard, should be the instrument to bring clouds upon all their proceedings, and yet without doubt will be the first that will oppose, and curse them, when they shall please to declare that in the title of *Puritane*, they never entended, blew-apron Preachers, *Brownist*, or *Anabaptist*; And yet this secure confident, impudent, malignant, twenty times dam'd Heretique dares attribute all their favour to himselfe, well may Saint *Hillaries* curse pursue him: Nay the unquenchable zeale of his next Prayer, prolong the nonsence and foolery thereof to so large a measure of time, that all the Roast-meate be burn't off the spit, before hee have done; the White-broth boyled dry, and the stew'd and back't meate scorch't to cinders, (which in his opinion is one of the greatest earthly curses that can befall him) May his wife be catch't in the spirituall act of her next carnall copulation, that all the World may discover what yet they carry so closely, may the fervency of his hot zeale to the younger sisters burne his reines, and kindneyes to ashes, and in stead of an Hospitall let him be cast into the Sawpit, hee so often defiled under pretence of edification, Let him be burried amongst the Dunghills, as not worthy to come neere the Church he so abused, where none may finde his grave but Dogs to pisse against it, may the ashes of his loath'd carcase be collected from the pestiferous urne, by Murderers and Mountebanckes to mix with their killing potions, And may no poysons ever hereafter be operative, but what is compounded with that infernall dust, that as he liv'd to the confusion of all goodnesse, and vertue, so hee may after death be knowne or mentioned by no other notion, then some fatebroading character, that brings with it the dreadfull summons of a woefull horrour to ensue, all which end be fallen upon him we shall never see day of good trading againe, but when it is accomplish't S. *Hillary* will make a Holiday, and in stead of his Teares will send you himnes and madrigalls for joy of the Roundheads confusion, and your more full imployment.

FINIS.